

Half Minute Harlot

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Summary: A loser finally get's his dream girl, but there 's something off about her. Will he survive his first date, or will he only last half a minute?

Half Minute Harlot

Praise for \_Half Minute Harlot\_

"Son, please go play with your friends or get a job." -My parents.

"It's an amazing piece of literature." The Washington Post Office worker I knew who couldn't read.

"I mean, it's not like I have anything better to read. Oh wait, nevermind. I actually do have access to anything else, ever." -My former best friend

"It's more realistic then our actual dates since he never leaves the house." -My girlfriend.

"10/10" -Kotaku talking about Watch Dogs

\_Without Further Aduel, the feature presentation:\_

I knew from the moment that someone told me it was the last day of junior year that it was my last day of my junior year. And what a great junior year it had been. One month earlier, I had asked out the hottest girl in my anatomy class, Gamy Jemrano, and she actually said yes! I don't get that many girls, you know how it is. Girls aren't into football and lacrosse team captains such as myself, they're into pale skinny hipsters and homosexuals. So naturally I thought that I had no chance. It was third period, and I couldn't pay attention to the teacher yelling at me to stop texting in class because I was texting in class. Guess who I was texting?

My teacher's hanging over my desk, "Alexander Graham Belaruse, get off your phone this instant or I will read your texts to the class!" The sucker fell right into my trap! I sent another text, and he read out that I'd been texting Gamy, causing everyone else to turn their heads.

Hey

Hi

Wanna go out to a movie

Sure

k

Everyone stared at the most handsome, athletic kid in class, Alexander Belaruse, who had found a date against all odds. My phone had been confiscated, but I was prepared! As I hid another phone in my pocket. It was out of batteries and from the 1980s, but its position made it look like I had a wicked big blocky member. All the girls were like "What did you get for number 7?" and I couldn't blame them I mean that test came out of left field.

Once class ended. This wasn't like that, we had to stay in school to 7 PM because there was a follow up test. I decided I had to sneak out but I realised that I couldn't leave without my phone.

"Hey Mister XX666NATAS666XX, can I go to the bathroom?"

"You can just leave man, sounds like you've somehow got a date."

"Oh, hey thanks, Teach. Could I have my phone then?" but he disappeared. Hmm. Well, I walked up to the desk and took my phone, then bolted out the door, where Gamy was waiting for me. "You're late."

"Sorry, you know how Mr. XX666NATAS666XX is. What movie do you want to go see?"

"Crawling by Linkin Park." Shit, I was worried she would say that. I really liked that movie but I've already seen it 12 times. But hey, do whatchya gotta do to get some action, know what I mean? ;)

After the movie was over Gamy and I went to the bathroom where we started making out. Suddenly she pulled back, "I want to be honest with you, Alex, before we take this further. I don't take rejection very well." God she has nice eyes. "All the other guys I've dated, they all broke up with me like complete douchebags, and well.." Oh wait no, boobs. I meant to say boobs, not eyes. "I've actually killed all of them. I guess I'm a bit of a black widow, heh." she looked down nervously, "If you want to break this off here, I'll understand."

I gently caress her face, "Babe, I wouldn't break up with you over something like that. You mean too much to me. And if dating you puts my life in danger, I don't care. Being with you is just too great to shy away from." She smiles and we begin making out again. It gets pretty heated so I put my hand down her pants and she pulls away again.

"Don't you think we're going a bit fast, Alex?"

"Oh my god bitch fuk u u prude yer such a fuking tease i sat through a two and a half minute (boom now you cant remove this fanfic) movie by a director i dont even like cuz i thought i wud get some but apperently i was stupid 4 ever thinking a stupid bitch like u wud suck my dick on the first date neway so i ges its my falt for falling 5 u. Well u win bitch, im thru were done its over this is the last straw im at the end of my rope so ill fond a gril who actily CARES abott me mebe." I kicked the stall door off it's hinges, breaking the mirror while my erection grew immensly. Good god did that feel good.

Now that I broke up with the hottest girl in school, I can finally focus on things like real friends, sports and academics. I go to my house and look up information on Syria to begin my summer assignment early. After that, I cook myself some dinner and turn on the TV to watch a Kevin James production. I crack open a bottle of coke knowing that nothing could-

- wait shit.

"Mom do we have any guns in the house?" I can hear my dad crying, see he accidentally killed his wife with a shotgun while hunting, I said it ironically but apparently the big baby cant take a joke. I walk over to the kitchen and take a big ol' knife, walking to my room, locking all of the windows and doors. I knew as I was incredibly physically fit I could probably take on a 17 year old crazy girl, especially with a knife.

Unless she has a gun! I jump out of my chair to put curtains over the window and narrowly avoid a safe falling from my ceiling. Clever bitch! She's hiding in the air vent on the ceiling! I throw the knife but due to the impracticality of the concept of throwing knives she survives and jumps down, shotgun in her hand. Then I realised, it was the same shotgun used to kill my mother! Then I knew the truth...

"...Dad?"

She rips off her face and it turns out it was my dad the whole time!  
"But why"

"Ever since your Mom died, all you did was make jokes about it, and I'm sick of it! So I devised a plan to get rid of you, by posing as a hot teenage girl that would actually want to go out with you! Now, the murder will be blamed on her, and I can finally be at peace!"

"Wha, the jokes are a coping mechanism, Dad!"

He lowers the gun, "Really?"

"Yes!"

"Oh. Sorry son."

"Yeah, it's fine dad." I breath a sigh of relief but not before my dad rips off his face, revealing himself to be XX666NATAS666XX and

then he bites my head off.

End  
file.